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Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing
PROFELY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

Miss Spring is Coming!

BY ETHEL A. GORD.

Miss Spring is coming
And with her
With her cheerful smiles of mirth;
With her gentle rain,
With her gentle rain,
In garden and field,
And her warbling birds,
Whose joyful strain
Shall gladden the grateful ear.

Mr. Winter is coming
And with him
What a hateful old fellow is he!
There'll be many dry eyes
When he comes to stay;
Why, he'll be a real
That would like him to stay!
But he'll be glad
When he's gone away—
Good-bye, old Winter, say we.

Miss Spring is coming
And with her
She's a bright and laughing thing!
And her bright laugh
Will cheer the snow
And the frosty crown
In her place will flow
And the birds will sing
And the flowers will grow
That a welcome to beautiful Spring!

THE STORY TELLER.

From the D. B. N. paper.

THE LAWYER'S BRIDE.

"Jane Sullivan is really going to be married," said Hannah Piersol, entering my room one bright evening.

"Ah! when is the important event going to take place, and who is to be the bridegroom?"

"It is all news to me."

"Why, as to the time we are not certain, but John Fulson is the bridegroom."

"Indeed, why I thought Emma Green was his affianced wife; I hope our young lawyer is not a forgetful gentleman."

"Emma Green? Oh! she thought his lady it were not good, and that a man who would not by his cup and plate to please a young lady, would not be very likely to do it to gratify a wife; she requested him to discontinue his visits."

"Why, Jane, that is Lawyer Fulson's temper! He is generally esteemed a smart man, and more than ordinarily so."

"Yes, he is, but I suppose he does some times dip into the forbidden cup to keep his own good, and he speaks his own mind."

"That is the danger of the cup, my dear, but not of the wine; the danger is in the man who drinks it."

"I think Jane ought to be satisfied that he is addicted to these things, for it will be too late for her to marry him; she is a sensible girl, and she will be obliged to her husband to be in the household's path."

"I hope she will make the discovery before she is married; however, you might easily drop a watch-word to place her upon her guard; you are an influence friend."

"I do not like to interfere in such an affair, yet, certainly Jane ought to be told; let me only be convinced for herself, if she will, I can only know how to fix it, and then she can act as she pleases."

"How now, Hannah? you know Jane is so plain forward, that she would be as likely to ask him the direct question, as any way."

"Not quite—but Jane has, we know, a fine nature of romance in her composition; now if you can prevail upon her to enter into my scheme, she will find out his baseness in her own observation without any actual assistance."

"What man! project have you in view now?"

"Be patient, Kate, and you shall find out; I am afraid you could not keep the secret, and by getting all would be lost; so saying, the following girl ran out of the parlor, and in a few minutes I saw her enter Mrs. Sullivan's residence. Mrs. Sullivan was a widow, and of her own numerous family one alone was spared to be a solace and comfort to her declining years. Reared in affluence, her every wish was law; it might have been expected that she would have been self-willed; but upon the contrary it was often remarked by her acquaintances, that none of her young people of which she was the center was more mild or amiable than Mrs. Sullivan's daughter, Jane. She was particularly fond of her, and she had that love of romance which would often carry her into a frolic, from which she would have otherwise in-

stinctively shrank. Hannah Piersol was an exceedingly lively girl, of great energy, and full of confidence in her own powers; she knew that she possessed the ability to do whatever she chose, and was, therefore, by this spirit, often led into scenes of life from which young ladies are usually excluded.

Upon the evening of the same day in which she had projected her scheme, she again entered our parlor, and after a few common place remarks, casually inquired of a gentleman present when the court sat at Clifton?

"Next week, Thursday," was the reply.

"Is it expected Lawyer Fulson will be there?"

"Yes, he is certainly intending to be there; he is engaged as counsel in a number of cases, and if he should happen to be himself he will do well undoubtedly. I fear, however, that he will not resist the temptations by which he will be surrounded. He is, I am fearful, fast descending in the broad road to ruin."

Hannah took her leave; I could form no conception of the plan she was forming, but was satisfied it had some connection with Clifton and the County Court. Next Tuesday morning the stage coach drove up to Mrs. Sullivan's door, and two respectably dressed aged women entered the house, while their luggage was deposited upon the coach; supposing them to be some company of the family, I thought no more of the circumstance till I understood, by some passing friends, that neither Hannah Piersol or Jane Sullivan could be found; they had gone on an excursion somewhere—no one knew whither.

The thought flashed upon my mind in a moment that they had gone to Clifton. I could hardly restrain my impatience in learning the result. Five days passed, when the wheels of the stage again rattled up the street, and again stopped before the mansion of the widow. The same old ladies alighted, one of them hobbled upon her cane towards the house, while the other adjusted her spectacles to pay her fare and give directions concerning her trunks and baggage. Surely these venerable matrons could not be the girls—in a few moments the merry laugh of Hannah came ringing forth from the open windows, and impatient to learn the result of the expedition, I donned my bonnet and shawl and rushed over to hear the report.

When I entered the parlor two old ladies rose to greet me, uttered in rather coarse but kindly words, with their neat muslin caps tied under their chins by a broad black ribbon, which passed over the crown, while their thin rimmed spectacles were perched upon the outside by a bit of white paper; their old fashioned calico gowns were somewhat faded but perfectly neat.

"The Misses Jones," said Mrs. Sullivan, and returned their "how do you do," with all due courtesy, and taking the proffered seat, began to be polite concerning their journey, when the lips of one of the venerable spinsters proceeded the merry laugh of Hannah Piersol, while Jane Sullivan's voice proclaimed at once who the Misses Jones were. "Ah, Kate, you may well be deceived," said Jane, "for no one has known where she has been, and she knows that a great many of our village went over to Court at the same time we started, both by stage and private conveyance."

"And you have really been to Clifton? why, girls?"

"Really and truly," said Hannah, "but come, we must change our dress or the secret will get out. Kate, you must give us the right hand of fellowship, and not for the life of your young man about the Misses Jones, and when we come out we will tell you the whole story, but no questions now—come, Jane."

When the girls were gone Mrs. Sullivan and I had a hearty laugh.

"It is so and girls, Kate, but they are so full of faith that they must have some fun; I was terribly afraid that they would be found out; but did they not make capital old ladies? How well Jane looked off and complained of the rheumatism. Hannah can do anything she tries, but I do want to hear their story."

"Now for the adventures of the old maids," added Mrs. Sullivan, as the girls entered the room.

"Well, mother, but Hannah must be the narrator, for she did all the talking; I could not say a word; all I did was to take snuff and have the rheumatism."

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan, to begin then, we understood, you know, that Mr. Fulson was not to go till Thursday morning; we supposed, therefore, if we started on Wednesday we should have plenty of time to get there and locate ourselves nicely before he should arrive, but judge our consternation when we found ourselves exactly opposite to him in the coach. I certainly expected we should be detected, but the stout hearted Fulson's eyes so that she was obliged to pull her thick veil over her face, and I thought, like she went to sleep, for she did not speak, but once till we arrived at Clifton, but left me to do all the talking, and I never knew Fulson to be so weak as she. He inquired very particularly concerning the whys and wherefores of our visit to Mrs. Sullivan's, and then began to tell us the acquisition to our merry circle told to Mrs. Sullivan. He thought her a very fine young lady; I said she was a very clever girl—came one of its members. Jane was particularly fond of her, and she had that love of romance which would often carry her into a frolic, from which she would have otherwise in-

from young gentlemen? I said as how I did not see any fellows about there, but heard them tell of a Mr. Fulson, a young lawyer, that called quite often, and I reckoned that Jane liked him well enough, and I guessed likely that he loved her too, but the game was all up with him now. Why so, said he—why, says I, one morning there came in a rattle-headed girl that they called Hannah, and she told Jane a long story about John Fulson being intemperate, and how he smoked, and that was the reason the Green girl turned him off, and that sometimes he got so bad that he could not attend to his business, and folks were afraid he would disgrace himself if he went over to the County Court.

What did Jane say to it, he inquired, and his face was as deep a crimson as the brightest velvet rose. Why, she looked dreadful sober, said I, and said she was very sorry for Mr. Fulson, she was a fine young man, but he must give up all thoughts of marrying her, for she would never marry a man that used intoxicating drinks, and as to tobacco that was next to it, and she almost cried when she said she should never marry Lawyer Fulson; and then Hannah told her perhaps he would leave off in time, and she said if he did not respect himself enough to become a sober man, she would not flatter herself that a wife would ever induce him to do it, and a great deal more she said about him, but I guess it was something of a cross to give him up. Well, after I told him all this he looked mighty sober, and did not seem to want to talk any more, and when we drove up to the hotel where we changed horses he did not go into the bar room, but stood upon the veranda, and when he met an acquaintance that invited him to go and take a glass of wine, he refused promptly.

"What is the matter, John," said he, "I never knew you to refuse to take a glass before?"

"I am almost a temperance man," said Fulson.

"Ah, what has turned your mind so suddenly? I should think it was high time to commence a reform when one young lady has turned you off because you are dissipated, and another is only waiting a chance to serve you in the same style?"

"You see now, Mrs. Sullivan, that our concerted plan of employing him as counsel would not bear at all; and as there would be no use to remain at Clifton, we went on to the springs, and stopped over one stage and then returned home quite safe."

"Yes, dear mother, and a delightful time we have had of it, too, I enjoyed it to perfection, it was so romantic."

"Well done girls, what wild expedition will you start next? I tremble for you!"

"But, mother, if you only could have heard Hannah's voice tremble, and seen her take snuff, whilst writing out Mrs. Delby Jones, you would have laughed outright; I am certain I had to try hard to keep grave and serene."

"Poor Fulson," said Hannah, "I fear I have found his lasting vengeance upon me for meddling in his matrimonial speculations; but I am used to the storm, and guess it will soon blow over, but surely—there he is—coming up the walk, now, girls—Jane, at us ever, and don't in the name of mercy, say a word about going away. If he knows the old ladies have come in, he will be civil, and will of course excuse them."

"Mrs. Sullivan, how is your health?" said the young gentleman, as he entered the elegant parlor, "good afternoon, Mrs. Piersol, Mrs. Jones, how are you, Kate?"

"When did you return from Clifton?" said Jane.

"This morning; we did not have so many cases on the docket as usual, and I left as soon as my business would permit of my absence."

"You are more prompt in your return than usual," remarked Hannah, "perhaps there was some magnetic attraction which drew you."

"May be so, or perhaps, I have learned to place a higher estimate upon my time."

"I believe your lawyers assume it their right, full privilege to have a glass when the duties of the court are fully past."

"Truly, Mrs. Piersol, that is the custom; yes, and it has heretofore been my custom; but I trust I have chosen a wiser course now. When I review the past few years of my practice, I wonder at the indulgence which could have led me so long to indulge in those pernicious habits, which had well nigh proved my utter destruction."

"What day did you go to Clifton?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan.

"Tuesday last; and I had the company of your relatives the Misses Jones, throughout my ride; I shall owe them my lasting gratitude for arresting my attention, in thus causing me to look back upon the course I have pursued in times past. Mrs. Jones, may I solicit your company a few moments?"

Months rolled on, when one morning, a card was handed to me, which upon perusal I found to be an invitation to a wedding at Mrs. Sullivan's.

At the appointed hour of attendance I was ushered into the parlor, which had recently been furnished in a style of most magnificent elegance. A large company was present; soon the bride and bridegroom made their entrance, in the per-

sons of the widow's beautiful daughter and our village lawyer, the ceremony was performed, and the congratulations of the warm hearted guests were heaped upon the lovely bride and her noble looking husband.

"How I wish your cousins, the Misses Jones, were here to witness the ceremony, and my happiness, as the result of their conversation in the stage coach," said Fulson, as he drew his sweet wife to a seat beside him upon the sofa. They are here, but were fearful you might construe their remarks harshly, and upon that account declined coming down; if you wish Hannah and I will summon them."

"Do so, dearest, I really wish to see them and tender to them my heartfelt thanks for their inestimable benefit, which was of no less value because I was unknown to them; I shall rejoice to acknowledge the favor."

Hannah and Jane retired to assist the infirm old ladies in their descent to the dining room; and, in a few moments, we heard the clatter of the rheumatic cane upon the stairs, and the trebled praise of the other sister, announcing their approach. Fulson advanced to the door to greet them, and almost confounded them by his thanks and protestations of eternal gratitude for their services in snatching him as a brand from the burning. The poor old ladies were sadly embarrassed, and hardly knew what to say, but were really glad if they had done any good. Just then Mrs. Sullivan entered the room, exclaiming, "where are Jane and Hannah?"

"Here—here," ejaculated the Misses Jones, springing to their feet and casting from them cane, snuff-box and spectacles, to the utter amazement of the bridegroom, who could hardly comprehend the sudden transformation of his fair young wife from the person of an old lady.

"My guardian angel," said he, folding his arms about her, "what do I not owe to you?"

"Not any thing, dearest, it was all Hannah, she planned it, and I did nothing but what she told me."

"My sister spirit," said she, kissing the forehead of Miss Piersol, "be to me still a directing, guiding friend."

Mr. and Mrs. Fulson are still alive, and never has Jane found occasion to regret her frolicsome ride to Clifton in the stage coach.

Hannah still remains the warmest, truest friend, and many and happy are the hours which she spends under their roof. Jane still retains enough romance in her nature to paint all life's varied scenes with rosy hues, and although she has been called upon to drink deeply of the waters of affliction, by following her mother and several little ones of her own to their last sleep in the quiet church yard, yet she looks forward to future life with calmness, and her husband, good, respected and prosperous, has never given on her cause to regret the solemn vow which bound her as the Lawyer's Bride.

THE GUERRILLA FORAY.

An Incident of the Mexican War.

BY H. G. CHAPMAN.

The noonday sun was sending down its burning rays, as a party of thirty men rode out of the "Granita de Bolan," and galloped rapidly along the canyway leading to the little village of San Aguil.

They were dressed in the uniform of mounted riflemen, and were mounted on full-blooded American horses.

They were evidently upon "pass," as no officer was with them, and bowed upon some folly excursion into the country. They had reached the cross road leading from the town of Tumbaya to Panyan, when a single horseman was observed advancing rapidly towards them from the Panyan side, his form upreared in his stirrup, and his whole demeanor betokening extreme haste.

"I say, Abe, that fellow is making for us—something has happened, and he wants our assistance," said one of the party, tapping a young man of some twenty-three upon the shoulder.

"What say you?"

The person addressed as Abe took a long look at the horseman, and then replied—

"If that isn't old Ricardo, I am very much mistaken."

"What the old Spaniard who owns the large hacienda near San Antonio, and who has such a pretty daughter?" asked the other.

"The same; but see, the old man beckons us to meet him—let us go!"

And putting spurs to his horse, he bounded swiftly forward to meet him.

"Let's after him, boys, and if there's any fun on hand, we'll have a share in it," shouted the other; and the whole party dashed on after him.

In a few moments they were along side the old man, and having reined in their steeds, Abe said—

"What is the matter, Ricardo? Is any thing wrong?"

"Sons Americanos! my child—my daughter!" replied the old man, in tones of anguish.

"What of her? Speak—tell me!" exclaimed Abe, with startling energy, and his eyes flashed as he grasped the Spaniard's arm.

"Ventell, the guerrilla!" gasped the old man, in reply.

"He had not dared—" began the fiery youth; but he was cut short by the old man, who said—

"He has robbed my house, and carried off my child. Oh! if you are men, fly to her rescue!"

"When was it done?" exclaimed half a dozen voices, and all eyes were eagerly bent upon Ricardo, as he replied—

"Not two hours since—they can be easily overtaken."

"How many were they?" demanded Abe.

"One hundred in number!" and the Spaniard gazed with a despairing look on the little party before him.

"Boys," said Abe in a firm tone, "who of you will go with me! For myself, I will rescue her or die in the attempt!"

"I—I was the response of every member of the little band, as they caught the daring spirit of Abe.

"Then lead on, old man, and ere the sun sets your child shall be restored to your arms."

The Spaniard needed no second bidding, but wheeling his snorting charger, he buried his spurs into his flanks, and the gallant steed bore him swiftly onward. Over the cross road leading to San Antonio they flew, on the errand of Mercy. Down the giant causeway of Antonio, and over the fatal bridge of Churubusco they went, and the spires of San Augustino glittered in the distance, but no foe was to be seen.

The old man rode before, his gray locks streaming in the wind, his dark eye fixed with an eagle glance before him, scanning the wide plain and the rock-bound sides of Contreras. Suddenly raising his long bony arms, he pointed at far on before him to where the road ascended the mountain height of Choloicaco, and shouted—

"There they are. Forward! forward!"

A suppressed yell burst from twenty lips, and as many hands sought their sabres hilts, and loosened the shining blades in the scabbards, while a stern resolve rested upon the flushed and heated brow of each. Across the outskirts of San Augustino, and down by the placid lake of Choloicaco they sped, and the next moment they are mounting the rugged heights of Choloicaco. On the top they pause, and down in the vale beyond, not over a half a mile off, they discover the robbers riding slowly along, unconscious of pursuit.

"Pull back Ricardo, and leave the work to us," said Abe, addressing the Spaniard.

"Never!" burst from the pallid lips of the father.

"But you are unused to scenes of strife; you might fall, and then what would become of your daughter?"

"No more," said the old man. "If a parent strike not for his child who will?"

The enemy now discovered the approach of the little party, and began to hasten their speed; but as the large horses of the Americans rapidly outstripped the mustang, it became evident that a few minutes must end the race.

Finding their escape impossible, the guerrillas wheeled about, and hastily forming a line, came thundering on to meet them.

"Now, boys, let them have a good volley from the rifles, and then throw them down and trust to the sabre and pistol to do the victory. Forward! and God defend the right!"

A deafening yell burst from the little band as Abe concluded, and, unslinging their rifles, they poured in a murderous fire as they closed with the enemy, which brought many a stalwart foe to the earth, and drawing the glittering blade, fought for victory or death. Terrible, indeed, was that bloody encounter, but it was not long duration.

A dozen of the guerrillas sunk before the first fatal fire; and as they closed in a hand-to-hand struggle, the tall steeds of the Americans trampled down the light ones of the foe, and the cowardly rover told with powerful effect upon the convulsed robbers. One after another they fell from the field, and ere half an hour had passed, the remnant of the small band remained its masters. Ten had fallen in the strife, and lay commingled with the bones of forty landless upon the gray sod.

But where was Ricardo? Kneeling beside a rock, with his pale laggard face upturned to heaven, while the blood oozed from a deep wound in his breast, he bending over the lifeless form of his daughter.

From a bullet-hole in her snow-white forehead the tide of life had ebbed away, and her own locks dabbled in her own life's blood, now mingled with that of her father.

Standing beside him, with his foot resting upon the body of Ventell, the guerrilla chief, is Abe off. His haggard brow is furrowed with lines of heart-felt anguish, and his manly heart is beat with sympathy for the bereaved parent.

Around them, but at a respectful distance, stand gathered the survivors of that fatal conflict, and the stalwart band brushed the tear of sympathy from the eye, and they turned to hide the emotion of swelling hearts.

The old man motioned Abe to draw near. In an instant the youth was at his side, and dropping upon one knee, he supported the sinking form of Ricardo in his arms.

"See that we are buried," whispered the Spaniard to the youth, "and may God reward you for your endeavors in my behalf. My child, I come!" and fixing his eyes upon the cloudless sky, he sank slowly back and expired.

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They dug a rude grave beside the murmuring waters of Lake Ocho, and buried the father and daughter side by side, and the ripple of the gentle waters sung a requiem to the memory of the departed. They fell beneath the iron hand of the demon of strife, and perished by violence before the swords of the foe. Goodness and love were forgotten in the relentless passions of the mind, racked and tossed by the vicissitudes of war, and innocence and beauty were sacrificed upon the blood-stained car of dissensions.

YANKEE WHALING ENTERPRISE.—New Cruising Ground for Whale Ships. We copy from the Sandwich Island Friend, the following relating to a successful whaling cruise in the Arctic Ocean made by an American whaler, the Superior of Sag Harbor. It was this vessel which discovered the whale too large to cut in, as reported in the news from the Sandwich Islands, published a few days since.

Capt. Roys has furnished us the following outline of his cruise in the Arctic Ocean.—I entered the Arctic Ocean about the middle of July, and cruised from continent to continent, going as high as the lat. 70, and saw whales wherever I went, cutting in my last whale on the 22d of August, and returning through Bering's Straits on the 28 of the same month. On account of powerful currents, thick fogs, the near vicinity of land and ice, combined with the imperfection of charts and want of information respecting this region, I found it both difficult and dangerous to get oil, although there are plenty of whales. Hereafter, doubtless, many ships will go there, and I think some provision ought to be made to save the lives of those who go there, should they be cast away—they should not be left to perish among the Indians who inhabit those regions."

In conversation with Capt. Roys, we have obtained additional information which may not be uninteresting to our readers. During the entire period of his cruise there no ice was seen, the weather was ordinarily pleasant, so that the men could work in light clothing. In most parts of the ocean there was good anchorage from 14 to 35 fathoms. During a part of the time that the vessel was there, she lay at anchor. The first whale was taken at 12 o'clock at night! It was not difficult to whale the whole 24 hours; so light was it, that at midnight it was easy to read in the cabin. The whales were quite tame, but entirely different from any which Capt. Roys had ever before taken. He took three different species, one of the largest yielding 200 barrels of oil. The first species much resembled the Greenland whale, yielding about 160 or

THE "ORIGINAL" TAYLOR EDITORS
IN A STEW.

It is stated that
of orange trees
orchard of 4600
swept by the blight.

A female was
week in \$400.
scurrilous Vole.

POETRY.

From the Dublin Mail.
Grand Scheme of Emigration,
for 1849.

The Beggars should to Africa go,
The Loggish to the Shilly Isles,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
And Fugitives to the Shilly Isles.

The little squalling, howling brats,
That break out nightly in the streets,
Should be packed off to the Shilly Isles,
To Loughlin or to the Shilly Isles.

From the Shilly Isles go to the Shilly Isles,
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Shilly Isles,
Spendthrifts are in the Shilly Isles.

Spillstirs should to the Shilly Isles go,
While the miser waits
His passage to the Shilly Isles,
Spendthrifts are in the Shilly Isles.

Musicians should to the Shilly Isles go,
While the miser waits
His passage to the Shilly Isles,
Spendthrifts are in the Shilly Isles.

Loaves should to the Shilly Isles go,
While the miser waits
His passage to the Shilly Isles,
Spendthrifts are in the Shilly Isles.

Debtors should to the Shilly Isles go,
While the miser waits
His passage to the Shilly Isles,
Spendthrifts are in the Shilly Isles.

And all that ain't provided for,
Had better go to the Shilly Isles.

Song of the Snow Bird.

The ground was all covered with snow one day
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird came sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was that song,
"O sister, look out of the window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee."

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet!
I pity him so! he looks so sad and so blue,
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee-dee."

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know
I would not sing out in the snow and the sleet;
I wonder what makes him so full of his song,
He's all the time singing that chick-a-dee-dee."

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he chooses;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we could make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee."

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said;
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought he,
And he laughed as he watched his chick-a-dee-dee."

"There is one, my dear child, I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too;
Good morning! O, who are so happy as we?
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONFESSION.

A correspondent of the Hartford Gazette, by way of apologizing for relating the following untruthful story, assures us it is a plain, ungarbled tale.

It was in the year 1845. Miller and his disciples had watched and prayed without ceasing, until now at last the appointed time had arrived. In the kitchen of a house in one of the interior towns of east Tennessee, sat two devout believers, a husband and his wife, who were ruminating with folded hands, upon the impending wreck of matter and the crash of crockery. After a thoughtful silence of many minutes, the husband, absently rubbing the inside corner of his left eye, spoke—

"Mary, we have prepared ourselves, and set our house in order for the great event which is to take place to-morrow. I believe we have finished our work, and are quite ready for the coming of the Lord."

"Yes," replied the other, "I feel fully prepared to hear the sound of the trumpet."

"Yes," pursued the husband, "I feel that there are still some little things—some domestic secrets, in fact—that is to say—I mean—there are some trifling affairs about which I have never fully unburdened ourselves to each other—in short, some little secrets between us, with which we ought not to be embarrassed in the presence of the Redeemer."

"Yes, James," answered the wife, "I would be well to confess all our mutual transgressions and shortcomings in such a time as this—for, now I think of it, there are some small matters which I have never spoken of, and this is a fitting season to talk them over. A full confession will enable us both to meet the Great Day with brighter hopes and calmer souls. You begin, James."

"No Mary, you begin."

"I can't. You must tell your first, and then I'll go on with mine."

"But, Mary, you know St. Paul says it is the duty of the wife to obey her husband in all things. So, you commence."

Well, I suppose I must. To begin with, James, you must know that our eldest son, William, is not your child!

"Good God! Mary? Is this true? I never once suspected that you were untrue to me—William not my child! In the name of goodness, whose child is he?"

"He belongs to the carpenter who built the meeting-house on the hill, and who went, many years ago, to the lower settlements."

"Can this be true?" murmured the husband, disconsolately. "I never dreamed of that."

"The Lord be near you poor wife!" sobbed the female. "It is indeed too true. In an evil hour, I yielded to the tempter, and fell—may God forgive me!"

"Go on, Mary, go on, and let's hear the worst," said the husband. "Make a clean breast of it!"

"Well, James, there's our beloved daughter, Mary—she ain't your child, neither!"

"Salvation!" exclaimed the astounded man—"is this so? Mary not my child? Whose child is she?"

"Her father," answered the weeping spouse, "was the handsome young minister who got up the great revival here, eight years ago last winter."

"Heaven grant me patience!" gasped the poor husband.

"Amen!" meekly ejaculated his wife.

"As there is only another day," continued he, "I suppose I must bear it. Go on!"

"I will. Then there is our youngest child Jimmy, whom we both love so well—"

"I suppose Jimmy's not my child either?" interrupted the miserable man, in a sort of ironical despair.

"Alas! no," responded the partner of his bosom—"Jimmy's not your child, either!"

"Mary!" shouted the husband in a tone of concentrated agony, "do you speak the truth?"

"I will. In the name of the Saviour, whose child is he?"

"He belongs," sobbed the penitent wife, "to the one-eyed shoemaker who lives in the forks of the road."

"By—Gabriel! Blow your horn!" exclaimed the unhappy husband—"I want to go now!"

KIT CARSON.

The trips of this famous frontiersman across the prairies are not certainly over-tired of rovers. A California correspondent of the N. Y. Courier writes thus, giving some idea of the every day's occurrences of his venturesome life:

"We had scarcely come in sight of the river (Los Angeles) when the yell and shouts of the Indians were heard, and looking to our left, we perceived several sandy knolls dark with Pah-Utahs or Root Diggers. They beckoned us to come on, crying out they were friends. Their language being dialect of the Utah, Carson understood much they said. Kit warned them off, telling them they were bad—the whites were angry with them, because they stole animals and treacherously murdered the whites. One old fellow—in complete and rotundly equal to Jack Eazy's friend, Mr. Osbelly—being more venturesome than the rest, and perhaps ambitious or desirous of signaling himself, approached to within a few yards of us. Here taking a bunch of arrows into one hand, while he held his bow ready in the other, and twitching his quiver around a little forward of the shoulder, boldly insisted upon our stopping to trade. On him Carson wasted no words, but raised up his rifle, when this awkward, pale lump of human flesh waddled off, somewhat after the fashion of a fast-running penguin. Some of the Indians followed as a short distance, and then returned to their hills or their villages, which were nearby. That evening we encamped in the valley of the Muddy, where we made camp of mesquite bushes to secure our animals at night."

We had not yet completed this work, when about twenty Indians appeared on the opposite side of the river, and from a rocky bluff, one of them commenced haranguing us. He said that they were friends—they wanted to trade, not to fight, and that we must return whence we came, if a tribute of some kind was not paid them, for passing through their country. Carson's reply to this was that he knew them well—that the whites did not like the Pah-Utahs, for he would kill and rob. The Diggers are bad to the whites," he continued, "they say they are friends, get into camp, and then murder; adding, aside, to use a Theban expression, "Oh, you don't understand! I know you don't understand a preachment to me—it is just do you no kind of good."

The Indians positively denied the above observations, when Kit said—"The Pah-Utahs lie!" Several bows were immediately strung, but only one arrow was discharged, and the daring savage who perpetrated this rash deed returned to his lodge and his squaw suffering, perhaps, dying from the wound inflicted by the round arrow of the white man's fire-lock. We saw no more Root Diggers that day. In the evening we burnt a fire, about eight feet wide, around our camp and covered this effectively preventing the means of fire, which, by lighting the dry grass, but for the precaution we had taken, could easily have been done.

PREPARE IMPROVEMENTS.—Before Spring work commences, farmers should have all their implements in readiness, whether they are new or old. While carts, ploughs, harrows, drags, rollers, and various other implements and machines should be in good order in due time, that there may be no delay in the busy season for want of these useful things.

A farmer who has timber, and is ingenious, can get a neighbor who is skilled in the use of tools to assist him, can often construct a carriage, a plough, a harrow, or a roller, at a much cheaper rate than the farmer can make them.

It will cost a farmer three times as much to construct a plough in the old-fashioned way of employing the carpenter and blacksmith, as it will to buy ploughs of the best construction. And the improved ploughs now sold at the agricultural stores require so much less thought than the old, rude implements, that they are cheaper at the retail prices than the homemade ploughs are at retailing. These remarks are necessary, at the present day, in most parts of the country.

Some have been so much improved, that they find it difficult to all competition, excepting that which has been the result of long experience, great ingenuity, and expensive implements and machinery in their construction, and it is far better for the farmer to buy such a plough at a moderate price, than to have his own charge from the rigid old winter, to the genial warmth of Spring. All Time shall go on and on.

advantage, and find us unprepared. A good preparation for Spring and Summer work, by having all implements prepared and of the best construction, is a great deal towards the accomplishment of the labor.

EARLY PEAS.—As soon as the bed you design for early peas is dry enough to be dug well, manure it moderately; dig it up, with a narrow slice, to the full depth of the spade; let the rain be thorough; then lay it off into drills, four or five feet wide, according to the kind of pea you may plant, 2 inches deep; that done, drill in your peas tolerably thick, draw the earth over them with your hoe, and compress the dirt with the back of it. When your peas are up a few inches high work them with a hoe, hauling the earth up to the vines, so as to fill them moderately. In two weeks more give them another working, increasing the size of the hill; this done, stick them, and you need not fear a good early yield.

You need not apprehend any danger from frost, as the peas are tenacious of life, and may, with safety, be put in the very moment the frost is out of the ground. Should frost once come after they are up, they will receive no injury.

EARLY POTATOES.—These may be planted the very moment the frost allows an opportunity to spade up the ground.—Mr. Cultivator.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. When our flag was unfurled from its staff in Tampa, an aged Spaniard was heard inquiring, with legions earnestness, against the pertinacity with which that flag had pursued his fortunes. In broken English he exclaimed: "I was de Spanish country in de Louisiana, when dat flag be was raise, and I go to Pensacola, but soon dat flag be was over me dere. I live then in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dere. Says I, I go where dat flag never come. I come to Tampa, but here is dat flag again. I believe if I go to the devil dat same flag will follow me dere." And the old man wept as he turned away his eyes from that flag, which, like his evil genius, has haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heart's misery.

HOW TO TELL GOOD CIDER. There is an old Dutchman living in the North of Vermont, very famous for having a large orchard and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself but was never known to offer any to his neighbors. One evening a friend called upon him, and hoping to "flatter" the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider. "Yas—yas!" said the phlegmatic Dutchman. "I had cold cider—Have, bring me a mug!" The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, he exclaimed, "ere, ten—if you don't drink dat his cold cider, chust eat it of to mug!"

STEPHEN EMERY, COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

He returned to his former Office over the State Office, where he may be found at all times. A. P. Emery, Jr., is a partner in the firm.

STEPHEN EMERY & SON are registered to call and make a settlement.

Paris, Oct. 21, 1848.

E. W. CLARK, DEPUTY SHERIFF.

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

All arrests and communications, by Mail or otherwise, will be promptly attended to.

Gold! Gold!

NOTWITHSTANDING the raging gold fever, we have the honor to announce that we have just received a large quantity of the purest gold, and are prepared to sell it at a low price.

Manufacturing of Carriages.

Having made at 1841, during the past year, a large number of carriages, and having a large stock on hand, we are prepared to sell them at a low price.

Carriages, Phaetons, Chaises, Rockaways, Buggies, Gigs, Common Wagons, &c.

Also, the latest and most improved mode of constructing carriages, and having a large stock on hand, we are prepared to sell them at a low price.

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1841.

Lumber!

1841.

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A Large and General Assortment of Goods,

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CAN AND WILL BE SOLD LOW;

and they would respectfully invite new and especially their old customers to call and examine their Stock of Goods, as we can and will sell at prices that shall satisfy.

Blue, Black, Brown and Gold Broad BRAYD CLOTHS; Heavy and other thick Cloths for Overcoats; Fancy and Black Cassimere and De Soto's Black Broad, Grey, and Blue Suitings; Dress and CLOAK GOODS, such as Gaiters, Leggings, Alpaca, Madras Stripes, M. de Laines, Brown and Bleached Sheetings, of all qualities; Tickings; Batting; Red, White, and Orange Flannels; Green, Laces; Edgings; and White Goods of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, Buffaloes, Huffs, Feathers.

A Great Variety of BOON PAPERS and CARPETINGS. Also—A Splendid Assortment of Crockery Ware and Looking Glasses; Hard Ware;

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W. I. V. T. E. D., 10,000 Bushels of OATS; 2000 do. REANS; 200 do. RYE; 20 Tons of APPLE; 10,000 Pounds of WOOL; 50 Tons of RAGS delivered at Paper Mill at Sheep Falls, or at their Store; 20 Tons ROUND HOGS in two or three weeks. For which Cash in part will be paid, if wanted.

Norway Village, Oct. 21, 1848.

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REMEMBER THIS!

PAIN IN THE SIDE.

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AT FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD PRIZES.

Sheet Zinc and Lead.

BLANKS!

H. H. KELLEY, NORWAY VILLAGE.

Stoves! Stoves!!

C. W. WALTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT WORK.

CHILD-BIRTH.

A Valuable Scientific Work upon the Subject of Gestation and Child-Birth, by J. M. WILSON, M.D., of Paris, published in New York, by the

THIS work contains recently discovered information upon a subject of the highest importance. It will be found of especial value to those who make health, or circumstances, do not permit them to increase the number of their family, without great inconvenience, suffering, or perhaps death. A method of avoiding these dangers, and of securing a healthy and vigorous child, is here given, which is fully commensurate with the latest discoveries of the most celebrated French Physician, and is fully commensurate with the latest discoveries of the most celebrated French Physician, and is fully commensurate with the latest discoveries of the most celebrated French Physician.

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BLANKS!

H. H. KELLEY, NORWAY VILLAGE.

Stoves! Stoves!!

C. W. WALTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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